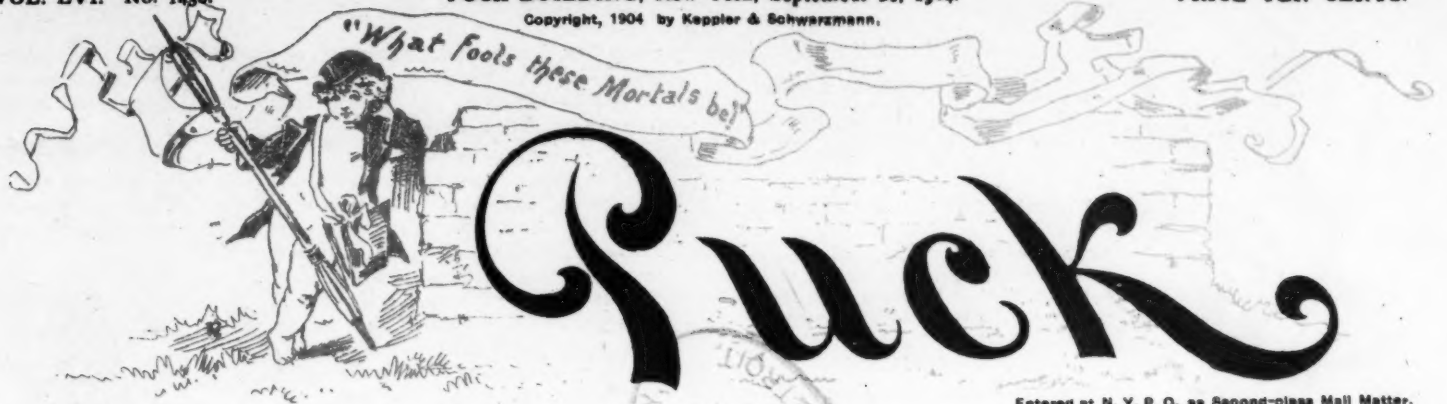


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"I RATHER LIKE THAT IMPORTED AFFAIR."



PUCK

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CONTRARY to the general expectation Mr. Roosevelt in his self-appreciation of September 11th has accepted a nomination for the Presidency. PUCK cannot refrain from expressing his surprise and disappointment that his candidate for Emperor should do such a thing, and particularly at a time when by dint of our constant hammering of the idea into the heads of the people

the citizens of this Republic were beginning to take the Imperial proposition seriously. In no boastful spirit we would state as evidence of this fact that in addition to the regular editions of PUCK containing the portrait of Mr. Roosevelt clad in imperial robes, which were exhausted on the date of publication, we have distributed from this office over one hundred thousand separate copies of this same painting, a demand which speaks volumes for the growth of the imperial idea. A few more canvasses of that sort showing the Emperor as he will appear surrounded by his court; as he will look upon the field of battle when the actual conquest of Canada has begun; as he will look in the magnificent imperial dash he will make across the Rio Grande upon the capital of Diaz, and finally as he will appear on the long arduous marches, surrounded by his worshipping legions, through the fastnesses of South America where

are to be found our future subject nations, together with the splendors of the Coronation scene itself on the floors of the New York Stock Exchange, to be painted for Puck by E. A. Abbey—a few more canvasses like that, we say, would have turned the trick; and yet in the face of this, advised by the evil counsellors who have sent him into exile at Oyster Bay, he accepts a nomination for an office that is confined within certain constitutional limitations, and which would reduce this man who does things to the mere position of an Executive! What a pity—and the pity of it grows when we try to consider what kind of a President Mr. Roosevelt would make if by some fortuitous circumstance he were ever elected to that office. We had hoped that by refusing to fall into the trap laid for him by the politicians of his party, who have nominated him for an office for which he is about as fit by temperament as is the prophet Dowie for that occupied by the Archbishop of Canterbury, he would leave the path to Empire clear and unobstructed; but, alas! yielding to a more immediately alluring prospect, naturally enough, but still deeply to be regretted, he has deliberately set all other considerations aside, and subjected himself in his pretensions to the Presidential office to a scrutiny which must inevitably work to his disadvantage. It is no longer what kind of an Emperor will Theodore Roosevelt make, that people are asking: but is he the sort of man we wish to place in an office that is more or less hampered by tradition, is subject to rigid constitutional regulations and was designed to be occupied by a servant, not a master, of the people?

WE ARE aware that there are people in the land who would answer this inquiry by pointing to the record of the past three years; but these are individuals who forget the essential fact that the past three years represent, not the Presidency of Theodore Roosevelt, but that of his deeply lamented predecessor. Mr. Roosevelt's hands have been tied from the beginning. It is not his policy that has been carried out by himself and his Secretaries, but the policies of President McKinley whose political executor Mr. Roosevelt has been. Mr. Roosevelt in fact has been merely the titular President of the United States, and has regarded himself since his accession to the nominal Chief Magistracy of the Nation as nothing

more than the agent, the instrument of another's will. In this sense then he is still an untried proposition. In the Presidential problem he still represents the X, and by what that is now demonstrated to be he must stand or fall.

IF THE inquiry were purely academic we should welcome it, for it opens up an interesting field for speculation. The man's personality, volcanic as it sometimes appears to be, is a most engaging one, and its discussion in any aspect is inviting work. It is only because PUCK has had other things in mind for the occupant of the Theodhof that he views with alarm the widespread and drastic scrutiny to which the pretensions of his idol will now be subjected. It is sure to bring trouble, and we cannot see how the public can escape certain inevitable conclusions. They will be forced to admit that the man has demonstrated a certain amount of executive ability in the management of his own affairs, but they will say that that is not the kind of executive ability that is demanded in the White House. What is wanted there is a man who puts his own affairs to one side and has an eye single to the affairs of the people. If other people's ideas could by any possibility be made his own Mr. Roosevelt could probably carry them out well, but can they be so made? If a President were permitted to divest himself of the two other branches of the law-making power, and to make the Supreme Court a Cabinet Committee, we have a notion that Theodore Roosevelt would do pretty well. If proclaiming things were made a capital offense and the Ego of the White House held under restraint by easily ascertained and applied penalties for infraction of privilege, we cannot conjure up the figure of a more pleasing personality in the Chair of Washington. If the portfolios of the Cabinet were to be recognized as clerkships and the Presidency itself were to become Pontifical in the ancient sense of the word, we can conceive of no better man for the place than Theodore Roosevelt of Everywhere. In view of the fact that these are hypothetical considerations, however, and can never become more or less than hypotheses we have only to say that in our judgment if Theodore Roosevelt were ever President on his own account—well something would have to give way, the Constitution, the Presidency, Congress, the People or Mr. Roosevelt himself, and that, we submit, is not an alluring prospect.



THE FACT is that he is a man who was never designed by nature or any other power to be anything but himself. Under modern

conceptions of what should or should not be it is his misfortune to be so strongly individual that outside of Germany he has not his like. What perverse fate it is that has produced Theodore Roosevelt in a Republic, and induces him to stand for a high Republican Office in this year of grace, is not to be accounted for. It looks as if



the powers were playing a joke upon us—as if after years of struggling, of privation, of war, of actual freedom, at the very moment when our fancied security seemed the most real, and we were congratulating ourselves that we had at last worked out the problem of government, the fates had withdrawn the cup of realization from our lips as they withdrew it from those of Tantalus.

ALL OF which is very discouraging. It is bad enough to have to read a message of 12,000 words on politics while the hot weather is still with us. To find in it the practical overturning of all one's plans is infinitely distressing; but PUCK is strong of heart, sound of limb and still stands ready to strive to put Theodore Roosevelt where he belongs, in spite of himself.

WE THEREFORE again offer him the Imperial Crown and challenge the world to produce a man who can honestly and sincerely say that he ever thinks of this Candidate of ours as a mere executive? The notion is preposterous. You will never find Theodore Roosevelt executing the people's will—at least not until it is probated.





Monsieur d'En Brochette

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH COUNT PATÉ DE FOIE GRAS OF EN BROCHETTE HAS A STRANGE ADVENTURE WITH AN UNKNOWN LADY.

IF AT twenty minutes past eleven o'clock on the morning of the fifth Monday of March, 1684, anybody had accosted me as I sat in the large window on the Rue de June fourteenth side of the Café D'Œuf, in the fifteenth Arrondissement of the Quartier Latin, Paris, France, and offered me even so little as a sou for my thoughts I should, on my honor as a gentleman, have closed the bargain then and there if perchance the sale were for ready money, for to confess the sorry truth, I, Huevos Pasada par Agua, Count of Paté de Foie Gras and Marquis Presumptive of the Estates of Pollio Grille in Spain, just arrived after an eventful journey from the paternal acres of En Brochette, had naught within my purse, nor for that matter in the saddle bags resting athwart the shoulders of my tried and trusty steed Gambetta, now restlessly champing his crupper buckle in full view of the merry breakfasters who surrounded me on all sides, with which to pay the reckoning of mine host. I had breakfasted well, as the small slip lying upon the immaculate napery before me attested, calling as it did for an immediate payment of two hundred and fifty-seven francs thirty centimes, without taking into account the *quartier* which Henri the affable *valet de place*, who had served me well, expected to receive as the price of his good will. It was an awkward moment, albeit not unanticipated, for I had entered the place with the full knowledge that save my wits I had nothing with which to square the account.

I had hoped when the demands of my appetite—I had eaten nothing since leaving the castle ten days before—I had hoped, I say, when the demands of my large appetite—for I was, in very truth, upon the verge of starvation from so long an abstinence—I had hoped, I repeat, that by the time my hunger was appeased, by playing the swashbuckler I could have myself summarily ejected from the café without being called upon to pay, but to my consternation my boisterous behavior served only to increase the consideration with which I had already been received. Nothing that I could say or do seemed to surprise the managers or the menials of the eating place. I had declared the wines not fit to drink. I had thrown the Royal Worcester egg cup to the floor, declaring that eggs should be eaten only from Sevres of the resilience of cobwebs. I had run the head-waiter through with my rapier and wiped the blade upon the cloth of a neighboring table at which three ladies sat and had in every wise done my best to secure my forcible removal, but in vain. Each roisterous ebullition but served to show me in the eyes of those self-centered people to be more and more surely a gentleman of quality. It did not seem that by any human possibility I could escape the gendarmerie which would have been fatal to my hopes and ambitions, for it was only with the idea that I might some day become the Captain of the King's Police that I had come to Paris, with a letter to my father's old friend Guillaume De Very, who held that exalted office at the time of which I write. De Very and my father, the Sieur de Foie Gras, had served together in many a bloody campaign under Charlemagne and Pepin the Little, but of late years they had drifted apart and though the old friendship was strong and had been kept up by correspondence, the two had not seen each other since the Battle of Firenze in the War of the Tulips, when they had parted just before the final charge which placed the laurels of victory upon the banners of the Duc de Maître d'Hotel, Commander-in-Chief of the forces of Pepin. I cudgelled my brain for some ingenious way out of my present scrape, but alas, the situation grew more complex with each moment of reflection. To gain time for further cogitation I called Henri to my side by rapping upon the window-sill with my dagger.

"Another plate of gateaux des pans," I cried. "And have them better done than the last, my man, else will I slit thee into twins with this—" tapping the hilt of my rapier.



"I had run the head-waiter through with my rapier."

As I spoke a silvery laugh, unmistakably the laugh of a beautiful blonde, but patrician withal, as I could tell from its rippling cadences, broke up the stillness of the café from behind me. Turning quickly, my eyes rested upon the most beautiful woman I had ever seen—her eyes had the liquid cerulean tint of a Mediterranean wave charged with the colors of heaven; beside her lips the ripest cherry was but an acid bit of saffron; her profile which was turned toward me suggested the supervision of the sculptor of the Venus of Milo when the gods designed her nose and brow and chin—for the rest, since she sat at table I could but divine it, yet was I confident that even were her figure that of some charwoman, there had been lavished upon her face enough of beauty to blind the most fastidious to all other imperfections. But alas!



"For the lady, Henri."

All this beauty instead of thrilling my soul with happiness turned to gall every bit of sweetness in my heart, for I perceived at once that her laughter had been evoked by some slighting allusion to my horse, Gambetta, and when from those lips there dropped the words in Spanish, "I guess he's faster tied than loose," my rage knew no bounds, for Gambetta and I have been friends these many years, bound together by a comradeship beside which the vaunted friendships of Peleas and Melisandre, Howe and Hummel, Castor and Pollux—aye of Ossa and Pelion themselves pale into coldness—mere partnerships into which the affairs of the heart never enter save in the case of a few retainers for divorce. My rage knew no bounds, I say, and springing to my feet I again summoned the waiter.

"Henri!" I cried.

"Si, signor. Oui, Monsieur. Yah—Here sir," he replied.

"My card, Henri—to yonder haughty beauty—ask her her name, or better the name of her father, her brother, her lover, her *fiancé*, her attorney—any man of prowess to whom I may throw down my glove demanding satisfaction for this insult," I cried haughtily. "I admit Gambetta's faults, but he shall not become an object of ridicule at any fair lady's hands, however beautiful. His spavins have been earned in valiant service to his master and his King. That glander which you will observe behind his left ear was won at the battle of Toulon. The pant which affects his wind is but the badge of honorable service in the campaign of Suabia, when no less a personage than Henri of Navarre asked 'Whose horse is that?' Were we in America my faithful steed would be on the pension roll with strenuous minds in the councils of state. The Dauphin himself is more secure to-day for my beloved Gambetta's existence, and I should be but a churl were I to permit the smile of scorn to be pointed in his direction. My card, Henri! My card!"

With this I drew myself up proudly and felt for my card case.

It was gone. I had been robbed—but I had taken

PUCK

my stand, and a Paté de Foie Gras is not lightly to be swerved from his purpose, especially in the presence of women. My eye lighted upon the check lying upon the table, and the solution of my difficulties was before me. Hastily scribbling my full name and title on the back of the slip I handed it to Henri.

"For the lady, Henri," I muttered. "And wait for an answer."

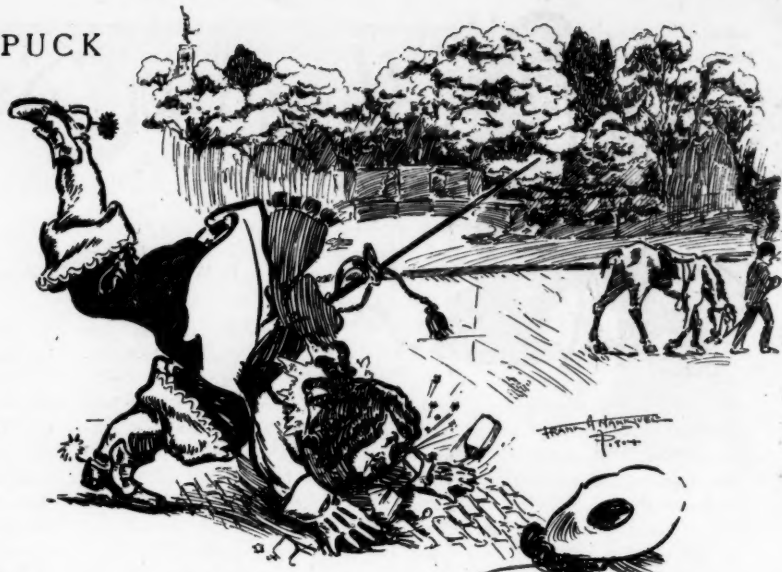
Henri immediately took the cheque on his silver tray and handed it to the beautiful unknown, who with a gesture of scorn wrote her initials upon it.

"Certainly," I heard her say. "Certainly, Henri, if the gentleman wishes it. Have it charged to my account."

"Sapristi!" I cried in my wrath at this additional insult. "Shall I, Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Count de Foie Gras and heir presumptive to the Marquisate of Huevos Pasada par Agua and the Estates of Pollio Grille of Spain, be thus affronted by a mere chit of a woman, who first laughs at my horse and then presumes to pay my score for breakfast? Jamais! Never. Non-non. C'est impossible."

With this I turned to the arrogant beauty and addressed her as follows:

"Madame, you are a woman—I am a man, therefore to cross swords with you is impossible. Nevertheless you have seen fit to flout my horse—my poor but honest steed Gambetta, who for forty years has served my father and myself, and for twenty years before that did yeoman's service at the plough of my grandfather, Gaston, Comte de Ris de Veau, Duc de Nesselrode, and Grand Seigneur of the province of Petit Pois. Not content with this, Madame, you have treated contemptuously me, the Count of Paté de Foie Gras, who have measured foils with the proudest gentlemen of France, and have taken up the gauntlet in many a tourney in which the hands of fairer maids than thou were the prize of him who by his valiant lance should prove himself worthy of them. I am poor, but I am still a



"I landed in much disorder in the middle of the street."

gentleman and such insults may not go unavenged. I therefore ask you, Madame, for the name—the name and address—of some one, some man to whom I may go to seek redress. And have a care, Madame, that your choice be not lightly made, for I am an En Brochette whose sword is no plaything; but a blade so keen it pierces ere it strikes."

The proud beauty drew herself up haughtily.

"You have addressed these words to me, M'sieur?" she said.

"To you, Madame. Despite thy beauty, my rage knows no bounds, and if thy father, or thy brother, or thy fiancé, or thy attorney, be a gentleman he will not deny me satisfaction."

At this point I too drew myself erect into an attitude of hauteur which reminded me forcibly of the portraits of my ancestor Cela Va Sans Dire, the noble Touranian who fought so valiantly under Philip of Spain, whence came our title to the Huevos Pasada par Agua estates. A murmur of admiration burst instinctively from all parts of the breakfast room, and I could see too that the fair woman to whom my words were addressed was stirred to the depths of her being, for her cheeks mantled with the rich crimson of patrician blood, and the bursting of a button from the wrist-band of her dainty glove showed that her pulses were beating madly.

"It is true that I am a woman," she replied, dreamily. "Monsieur, I have scoffed at your horse, and visé your breakfast bill, and I presume I owe you satisfaction. I have no father who is an adept at the foils. My brother is bottled up at Tokio with Richard Coeur de Davis and other Crusaders. I may not give you the name of my fiancé for I fear you would kill him which, it being the dearest wish of my heart that some one should spit him well ere our wedding day on Tuesday next, would be the equivalent of murder. I can think of but one sword in France, then, that is worthy to champion my cause. The name of its wielder is there!"

With that she rose from her table and, throwing a card at my feet, swept majestically from the room. As she disappeared through the doorway I leaned over to pick up the fallen card, for, by my faith, so beautiful she was I could not take my eyes from off her sweet self before that. One glance at the name sent me staggering to the wall.

It was my own!

"Check, sir," said Henri, as I started for the door.

"Can't you see, fool, it is initialed?" I retorted, thrusting the fellow aside. "Charge it, as you have already been commanded."

With these words I rushed to the curb and leaped blindly for the saddle and Gambetta's back, but the horse had been taken away and I landed in much disorder in the middle of the street.

Next week, Chapter II.,
"In Which there is Something Doing."

KATHLEEN.

ALL day long sat Kathleen, looking out to sea.

"Whom awaitest thou?" asked the wayfarer.

Kathleen answered archly, in substantially all the brogues usually heard on the stage:

"The hero, who will lift the mortgage and marry me. He went away six years ago."

"But why did not he lift the mortgage and marry you before he went away?"

"Arrah, g'wan! The public has become so critical that he had to go to Paris to study music. He had a good voice, and could sing like a bird, but technique is what cuts ice, these days."

Then with the light of supreme patience, and high resolve, and unutterable love, and pride of race, and all the rest, in her eyes, Kathleen resumed her vigil.



AFTER THE RECITATION.

MRS. FREDERIC.—Well, how did you enjoy Clementine's elocution?

MR. FREDERIC.—Oh! so far as I am concerned, it amounted almost to electrocution.

PUCK

"THEY SAY."

WHO SAYS that Smith must beat his wife?
Who says Jones leads a double life?
Who says that Brown makes party strife?
They.

Who says the Blanks ill-treat the cook?
That Robinson some trust funds took?
That Newrich had a crooked look?
They.

Who knows the man that's bound to win?
Who knows the man who can't get in?
Who tells your every fault and sin?
They.

Who says the words that sting and smart?
Who incognito plies the art?
And yet of whom you are a part?
They.

McLandburgh Wilson.

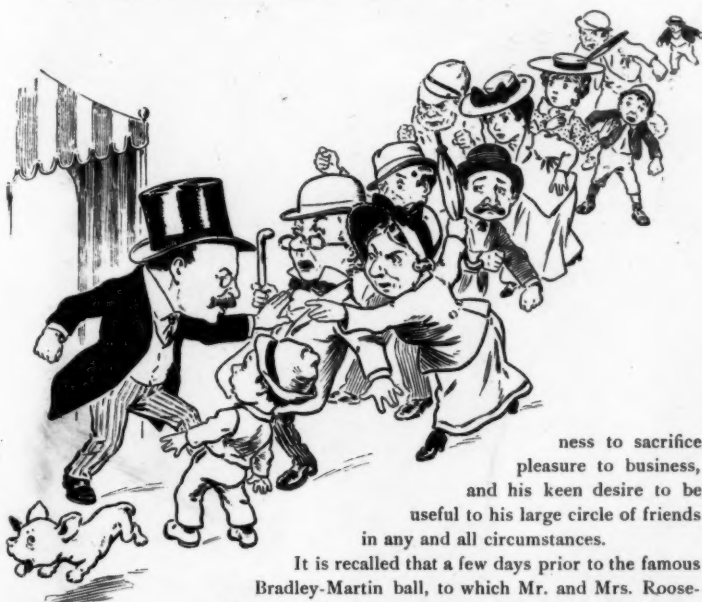


THE ONE ESSENTIAL.

"Won't you try the game? A child can play it."
"That so? I thought it required a chump."

ANECDOTES OF ROOSEVELT.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, as is well known, while lacking none of the real dignity that attaches to the purple, is one of the most informal and confidential of men. Many delightful anecdotes exhibit his enthusiastic readi-



ness to sacrifice pleasure to business, and his keen desire to be useful to his large circle of friends in any and all circumstances.

It is recalled that a few days prior to the famous Bradley-Martin ball, to which Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt had received invitations, the hostess met Mr. Roosevelt, then Police Commissioner, and remarked: "Of course you are coming to my ball." "Mrs. Roosevelt will be there," he replied, "and I won't be far away. I'll be out in the street in front of the house, directing the police." And lo! it was as he said. While the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, and all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave alighted from their carriages and passed the golden portals, while bright the lights shone on fair women and brave men, and music arose with its voluptuous swell, the future President of these United States was on the sidewalk, fighting the surging *hoi polloi*, and busy as a puppy in pursuit of an autumn leaf.

Upon another occasion, now historic, the Roosevelts were the guests of honor at a dinner given by Judge Pulp of the Supreme Court. The guests could not help but notice that Mr. Roosevelt was not in his seat when the soup was served. To allay a curiosity which threatened to become embarrassing, Judge Pulp announced that his distinguished guest was in the kitchen, coat off and sleeves rolled up, helping the cook to dish up the dinner. "How perfectly fine!" exclaimed a senator's wife. "I shall always remember this dinner."

Another anecdote, which has never before appeared

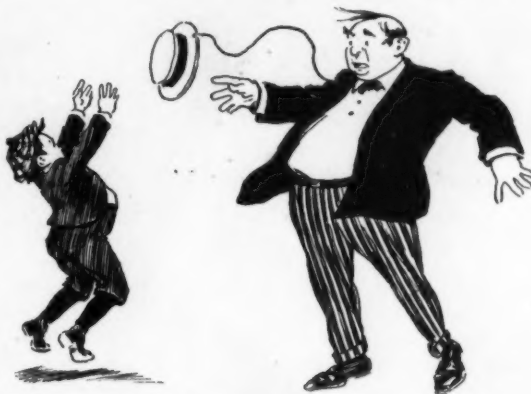
in print, concerns the singular disappearance of President Roosevelt one day last winter, at the hour set for the regular cabinet meeting. The question for discussion was of the utmost importance, and as the minutes passed and no President appeared, wonder gave place to anxiety, especially as the day was bitter cold and something seemed to be wrong with the heating apparatus. At last, when nearly an hour had passed, and the press gang, advised that something was amiss, began to batter at the outer gates, the President hurried in, wiping soot from his face and hands, and explained that the White House furnace had got out of whack. "But it is just as well," he added, with one of his porcelain smiles, "for a question like the one before us should be discussed *without heat*." (The italics are not ours.)

Still another anecdote, illustrating Mr. Roosevelt's ready wit, is now for the first time printed. While inspecting a fort, and prowling around in his usual fashion, he suddenly confronted the muzzle of a four-inch gun. Mistaking it for a camera, he unconsciously fell into his best pose and assumed his pleasantest expression. At that instant the piece was discharged, and the concussion knocked Mr. Roosevelt flat. "I observe," he remarked, as the gunner hastened to assist him to his feet, "I observe that your camera is a No. 4 Bull's-Eye."

Special to the Trade: PUCK has a large stock of Roosevelt anecdotes which he will supply to the trade at reasonable rates. These anecdotes are all hand-picked, warranted fresh, and will keep in any climate. Mould does not affect contents. May be ordered singly or in dozen lots. A postal card will do it.

CLUB GOSSIP.

GEORGE. — Do you repeat all you hear?
GRACE. — Oh, no. I tell only what's implied.



HIS DEDUCTION.

MR. GROUCHY. — Let that hat alone, boy! There's nothing in it for you.

THE BOY (in disgust). — An' I guess dere'll be about dat much in it fer you when yer puts it on agin!

ITS VALUE.

"How was the amateur performance of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' the other night?" inquired the washing-machine agent, who visited the hamlet often enough to keep reasonably close tab on the more important local happenings.

"Well, — er — h'm! —" cautiously replied the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern. "My nephew was sort of implicated in it, and so, with malice toward none and charity for all, as the feller said, I'll admit that it was n't so durned much worse than several of the 947 previous presentations of the play here."



MODISH MEDITATIONS.

*Oh, Maid, who deftly keeps in trim
A score of hands, or more, a day;
Who makes the pudgy finger slim,
The rough hand, smooth; how well 't would pay,*

*If privately and after hours,
For special applicants, you could
Extend to cards your dainty powers,
And change bad hands at "Bridge" to good!*

A. H. F.

SOME POLITICAL HOROSCOPES



BRYAN, W. J., born at Salem, Ill., March 19, 1860, at 10.31 p. m., lunar time. The aspect of the heavens when subject came into the world was distinctly unpropitious. South of the equator the Southern Cross was rising, and north of it Corona Borealis, foreshadowing the crown of thorns. The Zodiacal signs Aries and Capricornus were posted in the ninth and eleventh mansions, showing that subject was to possess great butting abilities, but the baleful constellation of the Can, in conjunction with the evil planet Saturn, boded disaster. Subject possesses a sanguine temperament, a large mouth, and a knack of turning his misfortunes to financial account. Generally speaking a dead one.



Cast for PUCK by Prof. De Bumpo, the World-Famed Zodiac Sharp, of Hoboken, N. J.

CORTELYOU, GEO. B., born in New York City, July 26, 1862, at 6 p. m., Waterbury time. Subject was born under the planet Mercury, presaging a life of errand-running. The constellation of the Typewriter was rising, and that of the Milk Pail was posted in midheaven, presaging campaign collections. Subject possesses a tractable disposition, great loyalty, and the ability to say nothing in a solemn and undisputed way.

TAGGART, T., born in Ireland, Nov. 17, 1856, 8 a. m. Taurus the Irish Bull was rising, and the Harp, presumably Tara's, was setting. The Great Bear, typifying a "growler," was being rushed by Hercules, foreshadowing the barkeep of Indiana, and Berenice's Hair was posted south-east by east, showing that subject would have more moustache than a horse has tail. Subject possesses a credulous disposition, believing even what he says himself.



DAVIS, H. GASSAWAY, born at Baltimore, Md., November 16, 1823, at 1.32 a. m., railroad time. As the Zodiac has changed greatly since subject was born, we are compelled to rely on Babylonian records for our forecast. These indicate that the sign Capricornus was rising, foreshadowing subject's chinwhisker. The Milky Way was uncommonly resplendent, signifying that subject was destined to operate the first night train (milk) on the B. & O. All other sidereal aspects of that distant date are lost in obscurity. Subject possesses a genial temperament and an unfortunate habit of recklessly parting with his money. Needs a guardian.

FAIRBANKS, C. W., born at Unionville Centre, Union County, O., May 11, 1852, at 4 a. m., Western Union time. Cloudy night; not much doing sidereally. Libra was rising, by mistake, as subject was not the Fairbanks that went into the scales business. The constellation of the Woolly Horse was also visible. Subject possesses great length, but not much breadth or thickness; is of a melancholy nature, and given to invoking cemeteries in his public speeches. A sad dog on the whole. No chance of his election.

HILL, DAVID B., born at Havana, N. Y., Aug. 29, 1843, at 2 a. m. The Zodiacal sign Aquarius was rising, showing that subject was destined to carry water on both shoulders. The constellation of the Lyre was also visible, in opposition to the Chameleon, thus presaging the immortal declaration, "I am a Democrat." Had it not been that Saturn was posted in midheaven, glowering upon the nativity, subject might have attained the highest office in the gift of his countrymen; but alas! it was not to be. Subject possesses a retiring disposition which is very gratifying to his friends, who hope he will.

PARKER, A. BROOKS, born at Cortland, N. Y., Friday, May 14, 1852, at 12 a. m., corrected time. The Zodiacal signs, Libra, Taurus and Aries were in conjunction, foreshadowing the law and agriculture. The World, posted in the seventh mansion, was friendly to the nativity, and the Sun, greatly afflicted, was on the Zodiacal fence. Later the Sun revolved into opposition to the World, thus assuring subject's election as President of the United States. Venus also presided at the nativity, showing that Dr. Mary Walker will vote for him. Subject possesses reticence, reserve, taciturnity and agricultural ability, while his natatorial skill enables him to get on swimmingly. Uniting the initiative and daring of the Roman Fabius with the magnetism of a sugar beet, he will sweep the country.



ROOSEVELT, THEODORE, born in New York City, Wednesday, Oct. 27, 1858, 11:45 a. m. — ten minutes fast. The sign Gemini was just setting, thus subject narrowly escaped being twins. Taurus was pawing the heavens, the Dogstar was baying the Moon, Orion was pursuing Leo, Equus was champing his bit, Capricornus was butting in, and Mars was revolving giddily on his battle axis. It was a red letter day for the Universe. Unfortunately for subject, Saturn was posted in the fourth mansion, showing that although he would receive honors and acquire high position, all these would culminate in disappointment. Subject possesses multiloquence, *copia verborum*, and *cacoethes loquendi*. He was born with a call and a cardinal's sign, and would make a first-class emperor.

SWALLOW, SILAS C., born at Plains, Pa., March 5, 1839. Subject was born under the Great Dipper, with Aquarius, Neptune, Pisces and Cetus in conjunction with the Milky Way. Virgo, signifying a virgin thirst, was in opposition to Scorpio, typifying the dire effects of heavy drinking. Subject possesses a hopeful disposition, a dry humor, and a strong belief that he will some day make a summer.



ODELL, B. B. JR., born at Newburgh, N. Y., Jan. 14, 1854, steamboat time. Libra, this time a grocer's scales, was rising over Newburgh, and the canals of Mars were visible to the naked eye. Gemini was posted in the seventh mansion, foreshadowing the Governor-Chairman, and a large number of double stars were also among those present. Subject is thus two-faced and a double-dealer, the fault being not in him but in the stars.

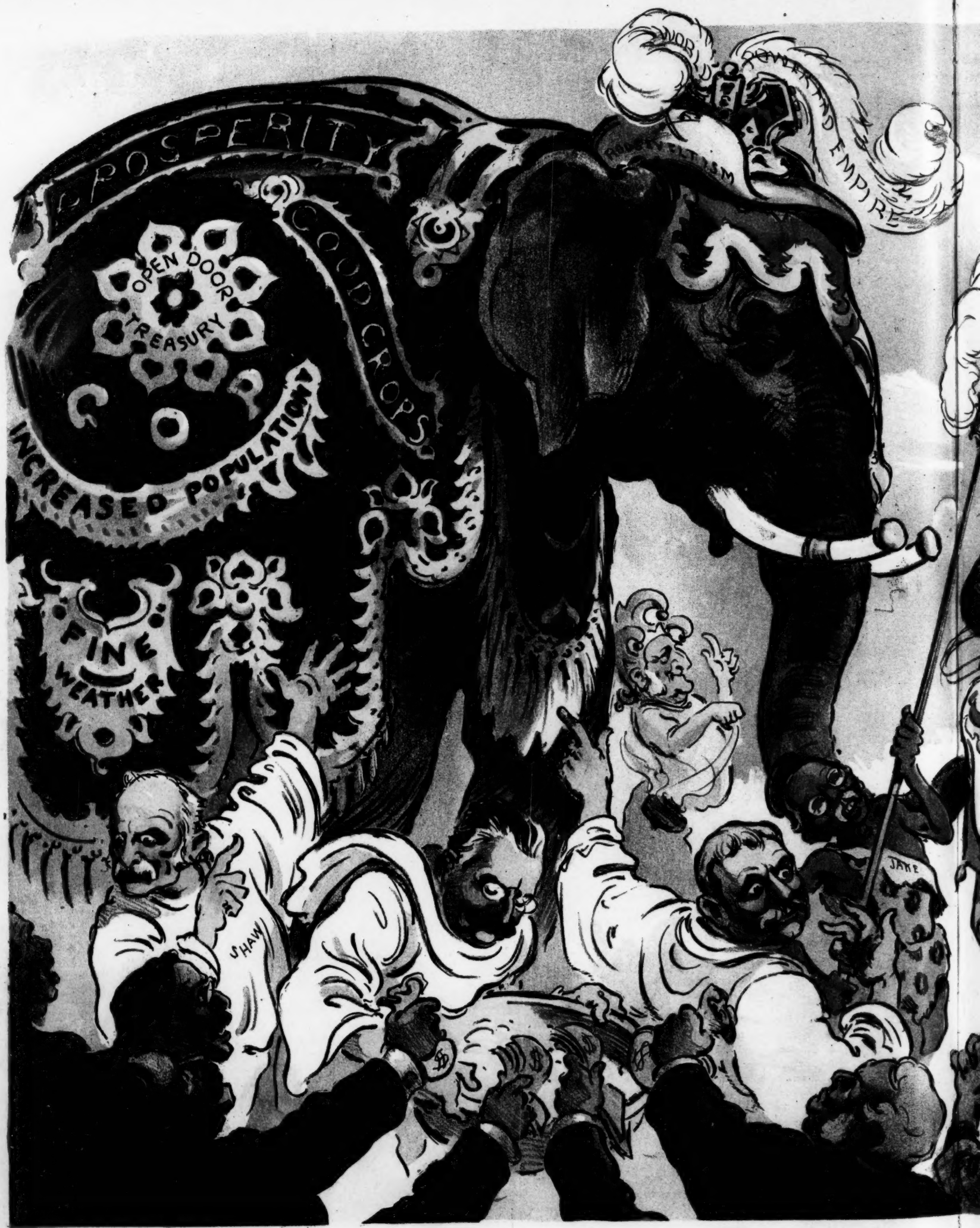
WATSON, TOMTOM E., born in Columbia County, Georgia, Sept. 5, 1856. Like his venerated leader Bryan, subject was born under the influence of the Cross and the Crown. Capricornus, the sign of the Pop, was also rising, two points off his weather bow, and Cetus the Whale dowered the infant with a spouting ability second to none. Subject possesses many striking qualities. He would rather be right than president, and would rather be "consistent" than right. Favorite occupation, lifting himself by his boot-straps.

BELMONT, AUGUST, born in New York, Feb. 18, 1853, at 11:32 p. m. The constellation of Pegasus was rising, which would seem to indicate that subject was destined to become a poet; but as the sign of the Dollar was in conjunction, it was apparent that Pegasus foreshadowed the race horse, not the poet's nag. Nevertheless, subject is a man of elevated ideals and subterranean thoughts, a man of winning ways and means. He is not much of a rainbow chaser, but has assisted in equipping a number of rainbow-chasing expeditions. His check is good.



DEBS, EUGENE V., born at Terre Haute (Terry Hut), Ind., Nov. 5, 1855, at 1.30 a. m., union time. Astronomic records for that date disclose a remarkable agitation in the heavens. Mars shone blood red and the evil planet Saturn glared balefully from the third mansion. Several comets were seen, and certain stars shot madly from their spheres. To crown this ominous nativity the constellation of the Cucumber rose south-east by south half-south, and effected a conjunction with the sign of the Prune, foreshadowing a remarkable appetite for prunes and cucumbers, and a life devoted to attempting to extract wisdom from one and sumbeans from the other. Subject is a man of striking characteristics and characteristic strikes. He has a fighting chance for the Presidency, but the police are prepared to put down the uprising.

B. L. T.





J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

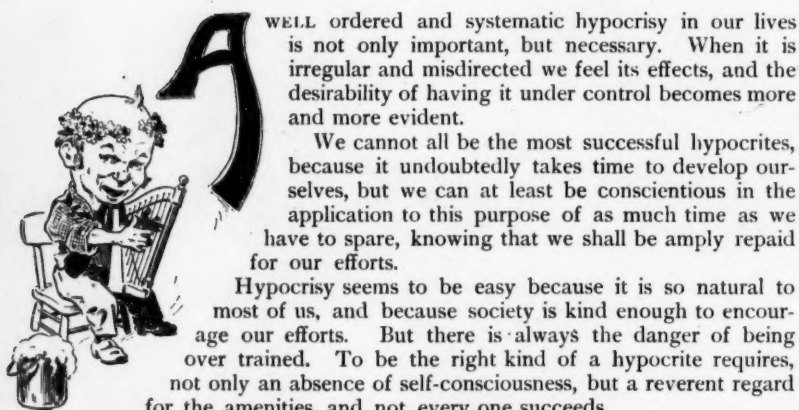
SACRED ELEPHANT.



IDENTIFIED.

"I-I am i-i-inclined to think, Bunny, that it's wow-one of those P-P-Pup-Presidential C-Cuch-Candi-du-dates. I-i-it's sus-so silent."

THE PLEASURES OF HYPOCRISY.



A WELL ordered and systematic hypocrisy in our lives is not only important, but necessary. When it is irregular and misdirected we feel its effects, and the desirability of having it under control becomes more and more evident.

We cannot all be the most successful hypocrites, because it undoubtedly takes time to develop ourselves, but we can at least be conscientious in the application to this purpose of as much time as we have to spare, knowing that we shall be amply repaid for our efforts.

Hypocrisy seems to be easy because it is so natural to most of us, and because society is kind enough to encourage our efforts. But there is always the danger of being over trained. To be the right kind of a hypocrite requires, not only an absence of self-consciousness, but a reverent regard for the amenities, and not every one succeeds.

The man who says the pleasantest things to me, and with whom I can trust myself alone in the blessed confidence that he will not ask me for a loan, who will listen to my troubles with equanimity, is the best kind of a friend. But if I should constantly make him feel that his friendship is so precious to me because it is so inexpensive and useful, I would be grossly negligent of my own duties as a true hypocrite. Doubtless I have something to give him in return for what he gives me, hence the exchange is no robbery on either side, and we may both afford to assume that each one of us is so much of a friend to the other as to stand by him in every emergency; merely because this assumption helps to make matters smooth between us.

One of the most delightful things about being a hypocrite is to assume toward others that air of solicitude for their welfare, that reverential acceptance of their merits, that deference to their superior qualities which is our peculiar prerogative. We know that what we say is not true. They know it is not true. We both know that the other knows that what we say is not true. This in itself is a boon. Beneath all the lies that we are constantly telling to each other is the secret feeling of true comradeship. Merely to have the mutual consciousness that we are both hypocrites serves as a bond between us, though never expressed in our outward relationships.

What, after all, could we do without truth? For unless there were truth somewhere, it would be impossible for us to assume it, and thus our hypocrisy would be of no use. The real value of truth, therefore, is not so much in its actual practice as in the fact that, though absent its presence is seemingly guaranteed. Could anything indeed be more delightful than this? Among friends, it is a constant source of gratification.

The true value of anything, however, often depends upon its universal application, and hypocrisy, when it is extended from our more intimate relationships out into the world of mere acquaintanceship, never fails us. It is a kind of coin current that we are constantly spending for our own comfort; and upon its dextrous use depends the truest harmony of life. To be an ordinary hypocrite may be the lot of any ordinary individual. But to rise above this level and wield our hypocrisy with skill and precision is the result of special qualifications. Mild infusions of truth often can be used with good results, and the effect of our hypocrisy heightened. But to know how to do this, and when and where, requires the skill of the expert.

True hypocrisy, like virtue, has its own reward. When approached in a prayerful spirit and developed along the right lines it is doubly blessed. It blesses him that gives and him that receives.

Tom Masson.

COLOR.

"You are common clay, after all!" he exclaimed, vexed with himself, with the world, but above all with her.

The beautiful wretch laughed lightly.

"I only wish I were," she said. "Then I could have my colors fired in, instead of having to have a high-priced maid to put them on fresh every day."

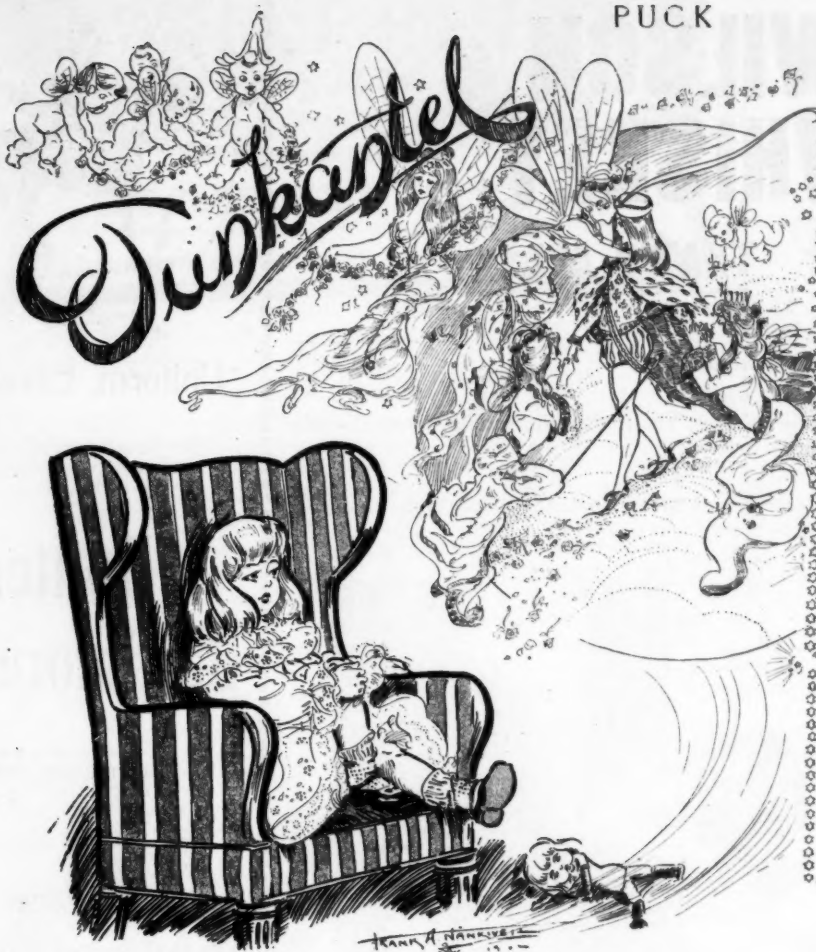
Oh, woman! at once the softest of creatures, and the hardest.



MORE PRUDENT.

HE.—Is it true that you are engaged to the angel?

THE ACTRESS.—No, indeed. If I were you can bet your last dollar I would n't allow him to waste his money on this old show.



"I love you more than tongue can tell."
The words ring sweetly in my ears.
I heard them first when I was small,—
A little girl of some three years.

"I love you more than tongue can tell."
The words seemed sweet, but strange,
to me.
I wondered, in my baby way,
Whom this dear "Tunkantel" could be.

"I love you more than tongue can tell."
You see I did not understand,
But pictured "Tunkantel" a prince,—
Some lovely prince of fairy land.—

A prince whom everyone adored,
And, sweetheart, I remember well
How very real he seemed to me,—
His Royal Highness Tunkantel.

About this prince, beloved by all,
Long fairy tales I used to weave,
And sometimes almost thought them
true,—
I played so much at "make believe."

For on this charming fairy prince
My baby fancy loved to dwell,
But, dear, he has a rival now,—
I love you more than Tunkantel!

Marie Rue.



HIS GALLANTRY.

"THE LAST agent that was 'round here," chuckled the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern, "was a picture-enlarger, with nice, curly, ginger-colored hair. He was also considerable gallant. It rained the first afternoon he was here, and Miss Annabelle Tammers, who is thirty-three and a-third years old and so inclined to be romantic that she fairly slants, was ketched out in the storm. She started to cross the street right out here, and the agent grabbed my umbrella and dashed out to escort her to the other side. There was a pretty big puddle over yonder, and, quotin' something about Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen What 's-her-name, the gallant man lightly picked up Miss Tammers and carried her across. When he had safely landed her, she smiled and said: 'Oh, that was just too lovely! Let's go back!' He was a real gallant man, and so he did n't say anything out of the way. But he looked at her kind o' peculiar, and then came back and shut up my umbrella so hard that he broke two of its ribs."

Tom P. Morgan.

OF COURSE, it would be very desirable if the wicked should cease from troubling, and there are also some very good people who might let up on it.



THE WEST.

"I am told the farmers of the West are rolling in wealth."
"They were until the United States agricultural experiment bureau pointed out in an exhaustive bulletin that wealth which has been rolled in does n't burn so readily."

CIVIC HAUTEUR.

"SIM WALTON seems to be gettin' considable stuck up sence he moved from Hookstown to Backwater," observed Farmer Hoptoad. "Backwater hain't a mite bigger 'n Hookstown, is it?"
"No," responded Hiram Hardscrabble; "but the operry house in Hookstown is over the livery stable, while in Backwater it's over Simpson's drug store."

DESPERATE.

IT was the third act of the play, and the beleaguered maiden was shrieking for help.

In vain.

"Alas!" she moaned, casting herself down. "Nobody hears me!"
The villain laughed mockingly.

"Of course not!" he sneered.

"How could anybody hear you, with such a swell audience as we 've got to-night?"

She perceived at once that her case was desperate, and in that thought grew calm, as befitted one of her proud lineage.

PUZZLE.

ONCE on a time two youths were suitors for the hand of a good, beautiful, sensible, bright, tactful, candid, soulful, womanly girl. One youth made love. The other made money.

Puzzle: Which youth married the good, beautiful, sensible, bright, tactful, candid, soulful, womanly girl?

MENNER'S BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER
 A Positive Relief For
PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN,
 and all ailments of the skin.
 Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free. GERHARD MENNER COMPANY, Newark, N.J.

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The Loves of Edwy
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 Sixty-four illustrations by the author.
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A...
SPECIAL

Campaign Number of PUCK

will be issued

**Wednesday,
 Oct. 12th, 1904**

**Advertising Forms
 Close Oct. 1st**

Early application should be made for space in this issue, which will be increased in size and of which an **EXTRA LARGE EDITION** will be printed.

Address **PUCK, New York**

WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

Positively the last call for the straw hat.

Political leaders who visit Esopus report that they are unable to discover any impediment in the Judge's speech.

The Democracy of Vermont and Maine wish it distinctly understood that the September skirmishes were merely rear guard actions.



A RUSE.

"Why is she so strenuous to maintain the propriety of a woman marrying a man twenty years older than herself? One would almost suppose she had done so."

"That's just what she wishes you to suppose."

Brain and brawn benefited with a tonic which aids digestion — Abbott's Angostura Bitters are noted for their digestive properties. All druggists.

The labor day parade in Manchuria is still on.

The Japanese passion for death amounts to a disease. It has possession of every Tom, Dick and Hari Kari.

The efforts of Debs and other windjammers to land on Grover Cleveland are futile. The Jersey man is an adept at ducking.



Uniform Excellence

The highest standard of quality in what is best is uniform excellence. That of

Hunter Baltimore Rye

is out of reach of competition. Popular preference, here, there, everywhere has but one verdict for this whiskey, viz:—

There Is No Fault To Find

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
 WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Puck's Original Drawings

The Original Drawing of any Illustration in **PUCK** may be bought by persons who desire

A Fine Birthday Present.

A Suitable Euchre Party Prize.

An Appropriate Picture for the Parlor, Library or "Den."

Or who wish to use them for decorative purposes generally.

Price, Size and Character of Drawing will be sent on application.

Give number of **PUCK** and Page, and address

PUCK, NEW YORK.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write **DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO.**, Dept. 1. 1., Lebanon, Ohio.

"The New York Central Leads the World."—Leslie's Weekly.

**I. W. HARPER
RYE**

Pure as the dew that sparkles at morn on Kentucky blue grass;
and rich and mellow as the sunset glow on its waving fields.
A peerless whiskey for all uses. Sold by leading dealers every-
where. **BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., Louisville, Ky.**


We are discouraged. Vermont has gone Republican. Now, Mr. Taggart, it is up to you to save Mississippi and Alabama.

It is said that the first thing Henry James did on returning to his native land after an absence of twenty odd years was to go to the Post Office and ask for a three-cent stamp. This confirms our belief that the novelist has come back here to vote—for R. B. Hayes or some other equally prominent candidate.

Mr. H. B. Marriott-Watson, a Britisher who has never visited this country, says that American women are cold and selfish. Perhaps. Anyhow, viewed from a point 3,000 miles away, we don't wonder they appear distant. Mr. Marriott-Watson would better come over here and pass an hour or two with Carrie Nation. Maybe he'd change his mind as to the cold end of his proposition.

NATURAL WHISKEY

3500001
ESTABLISHED 1810



**OLD
OVERHOLT
WHISKEY**

BOTTLED IN BOND
AT THE DISTILLERY, BROAD FORD, PA., U.S.A.

A. Overholt & Co.

BOTTLED IN BOND
WHISKEY MUST BE AT LEAST FOUR YEARS OLD
EVERY BOTTLE CONTAINS FULL MEASURE



THOROUGHLY ENJOYABLE.

"Fine sport, is n't it?"

"Great! Have n't had so much fun since I was a tadpole!"

Pure blood, bright eyes, bounding step, high spirits
good health—synonymous with Abbott's Angostura
Bitters, intelligently used. Test it.

The Turkish officials, who seized an American mail bag a while ago and restamped its contents in accordance with a new stamp act, are hereby warned that where foreign stamp acts are concerned, this country is peculiarly sensitive. For further particulars, see any history.

Some militaristic persons think Grand Duke Boris ought to have been shot for his assault on General Kuropatkin. No use. He was half shot when he did it. These Grand Dukes are incorrigible. Even killing does not reform them.

**BUNNER'S
SHORT
STORIES**

SHORT SIXES.
Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. Illustrated.

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS.
A Story of Small Stories. Illustrated.

MADE IN FRANCE.
French Tales Retold with a United States Twist. Illustrated.

MORE SHORT SIXES.
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Address PUCK, New York.

AROMATIC DELICACY.
MILDNESS AND PURITY.

**Milo
CIGARETTES.**



General Kuropatkin's slogan is now "On to Harbin." The only trouble with this is that Field Marshal Oyama has a better one. He is "On to Kuropatkin."

It is reported that Boston is in the throes of a flea epidemic. Our sympathies go out to the sufferers of the Hub, but after all we'd rather have it as it is than otherwise. Boston has a way of throwing off yokes of any kind, and there is little doubt that a Flea Party or two after the fashion of the old Tea Party will drive out the invader. If that fails—well, there is Lawson. He can repel anything that walks.

UNPARDONABLE ERROR.

MRS. UPPSON.—Is your new neighbor a society woman?

MRS. DESWELL.—Mercy, no! Why, she actually calls her kitchen maid a hired girl.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

VERY NATURAL.

"Those false teeth Dr. Pulliam put in for you look very natural."

"They feel that way. They ache just like the ones he pulled out."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

GOUT & RHEUMATISM
Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.
DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.



"When you do drink, drink Trimble"



"Then one last glass let us drink together:—
To friendship, which, spite of wind or
weather,
Absence or time, other bond or tether,
Shall cling, as flock the birds of a feather,
Till we meet again!"

A pure rye,
10 years old, aged
by time,
not artificially.

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.
AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

Sole Proprietors,
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,
Phila. & New York.
ESTABLISHED 1793.

Candidate Davis has contributed \$50,000 to the cause. He came out of the ether nicely.

Latest items on Puck's News Bulletin:

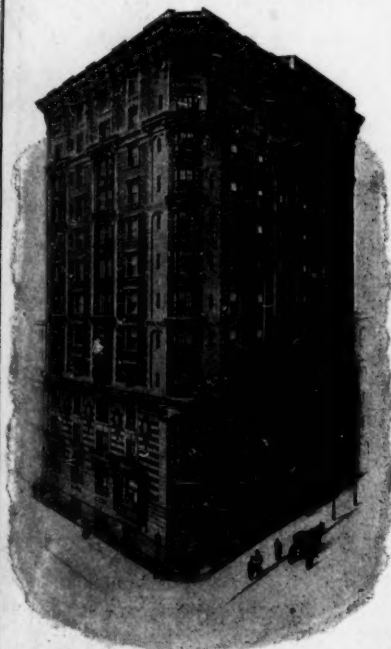
Vermont goes Republican.
Julius Caesar assassinated.
Napoleon defeated at Waterloo.
Holland captured by Dutch.
Bourke Cockran out for —
Grout is willing.
B. B. Odell, Jr., is mentioned for Governorship.
Cornwallis has surrendered.
Hayes counted in.
Andrew Jackson is dead.

If a man could get credit for his good intentions money would be no object.—
Chicago News.

HOTEL SEVILLE

Madison Ave. and 29th St., N. Y.

In Shopping and Theatre District; Yet
Located for Quiet and Ease. Near
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necting with all Ferries pass the door.



SINGLE ROOMS or SUITES.
Furnished or Unfurnished.

Transient Rates from \$1.50 per day;
With Bath, \$2.00 per day.

EDWARD PURCHAS, Mgr.

Straw votes show which way the hot air blows.

The fall bonnets are stunning. If you doubt it inquire the price of one.

Beets make alcohol. The converse of this proposition is also true.

It is n't so much a question of "what" England is going to get out of Thibet as "when."

The main difference between the Jap soldier and the Russian is that one enjoys being killed and the other does n't.

The fatal mistake of the Russians seems to have been in building a surface railway from Mukden to Liao Yang. If it had only been a subway Gen. Kuropatkin might have slid under the enveloping Japanese and made good his escape.

Evans' Ale

Its Creamy Head
Its Rich Bouquet
Its Mellow Flavor
Its Perfect Condition
Spoil you for the "muddy" kind
Any dealer, Anywhere, Any place.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend
It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 286 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



BALL-POINTED PENS

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch or spurt.

Made in England of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED Pens are more durable, and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

Buy an assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cts., and choose a pen to suit your hand. Having found one, stick to it!

POST FREE FROM
H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., 99 William Street, New York, or any Stationery Store.



THE USUAL REMEDY.

MRS. RILEY.—So ye can't shlaape noights, Mrs. Flynn—and phat hov yez tried for it?

MRS. FLYNN.—Soothing syrup an' spanking!

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

TROUBLE is a great lover er comp'ny, but he never tackles a man dat is playin' a fiddle.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"WHEN you offered to bet, what did he put up?"

"A bluff."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE,

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. Your feet feel swollen, nervous and damp, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen, sweating feet, ingrowing nails, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. Sold by all Druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

"LIGHTWEIGHT" PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

mean freedom in breathing. Weigh 2 oz. Any store 50c and \$1.00 postpaid for choicest patterns.

THE C. A. EDGANTON MFG. CO., Box 809, Shirley, Mass.

Pears'

A soft, fine grained skin
is a valued possession.

Pears' Soap gives title to
ownership.

Established in 1789.

The coaling question: Is yours in yet?

The Rev. Dr. MacArthur finds a striking resemblance between Roosevelt and Washington. Enter, therefore, the step-father of his country.

The possibility that the Russian army will be reorganized and General Kuropatkin superseded should stir up a message of sympathy from Lincoln, Neb. Mr. Bryan has been there himself.

RED TOP RYE

AMERICA'S FINEST WHISKEY

It's up to YOU

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS
CINCINNATI, O.
ST. JOSEPH, MO. LOUISVILLE, KY.

See our World's Fair Exhibit, Agricultural Bldg. Block-70.

How fitting was it that the panic occasioned in Westminster Abbey by the discharge of a fire cracker should effectually be quelled by a Canon.



A GOOD SUGGESTION.

DOROTHY.—Papa, the piano must be tuned in time for the reception to-night!

FATHER.—Nonsense;—play something from Wagner and they won't know the difference!

GETTYSBURG AND WASHINGTON.

Personally-Conducted Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The battlefield of Gettysburg and the National Capital are attractions so alluring that few would feel like refusing to visit them, especially in the cool Fall days. It is to place these two attractions within easy reach of every one that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces a tour over the interesting battlefield, through the picturesque valleys of Maryland, and an entertaining stay at Washington.

The tour will leave New York, West Twenty-third Street, 7.55 A. M., and Philadelphia 12.20 P. M., Saturday, September 24, in charge of one of the Company's tourist agents, and will cover a period of six days. An experienced chaperon, whose especial charge will be unescorted ladies, will accompany the party throughout. Round-trip tickets, covering transportation, carriage drives and hotel accommodations, will be sold at the extremely low rate of \$22 from New York, \$21 from Trenton, \$19 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 263 Fifth Avenue, New York; 4 Court Street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

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1170 Market St.	Des Moines, Ia.	Boulder, Mont.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Seattle, Wash.
West Haven, Conn.	Crab Orchard, Ky.	North Conway, N.H.	812 N. Broad St.	Waukesha, Wis.
Atlanta, Ga.	Portland, Me.	Buffalo, N. Y.	Harrisburg, Pa.	Toronto, Ont.

If he is still set upon signing the peace articles in Tokio, the esteemed Kuropatkin should have his shoes half-soled and heeled.

Another battle in Uruguay between the government troops and the insurgents. Problem—Given a presidente, a gold-laced uniform and a South American Republic—find the number of revolutions per minute.

Chicago is having a hard time with certain members of its Aldermanic Board who decline to take kindly to municipal ownership of railroads. What is needed, it would seem, is municipal ownership of aldermen—not only there, but elsewhere.

President Roosevelt's letter of acceptance contained 12,000 words. Just think! Had it not been for "civic decency" and the proprieties of office, he might have turned it into twelve ten-minute, hot-off-the-train speeches of 1,000 words each. The Presidency has its handicaps.

"We are content," wrote President Roosevelt, "to rest our case before the American people upon the fact that to adherence to a lofty ideal we have added proved governmental efficiency." "Say that the Postmaster-General was asked about them," said Postmaster-General Payne in regard to the postal scandals, "and that he just laughed."

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antiseptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.



Take Care of Your Aim
so that you
WILL NOT MISS



The Campaign Issue of

Ready October 12, 1904 **PUCK** Ready October 12, 1904

IT IS A BULLS-EYE!
Twenty Pages - - Five In Color

Cartoons by KEPPLER, NANKIVELL, HAMILTON and PUGHE
Articles by TAYLOR, FOLWELL and BANGS

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By Ernest Haskell

Authoritative Anecdotes of the Boyhood Days of Theodore Roosevelt, Judge Parker, Mr. Fairbanks and the Hon. Cassaway Davis, culled from their Old Nurses by Wilberforce Jenkins.

Why	{ Roosevelt Parker Watson Swallow }	Should be Elected, by	{ H-n-y C-b-t L-dge W-l-l-am F. Sh-eh-n T. E. W-t-s-n Cr-ie N-t-on }
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The Winning Hand

By Frank A. Nankivell

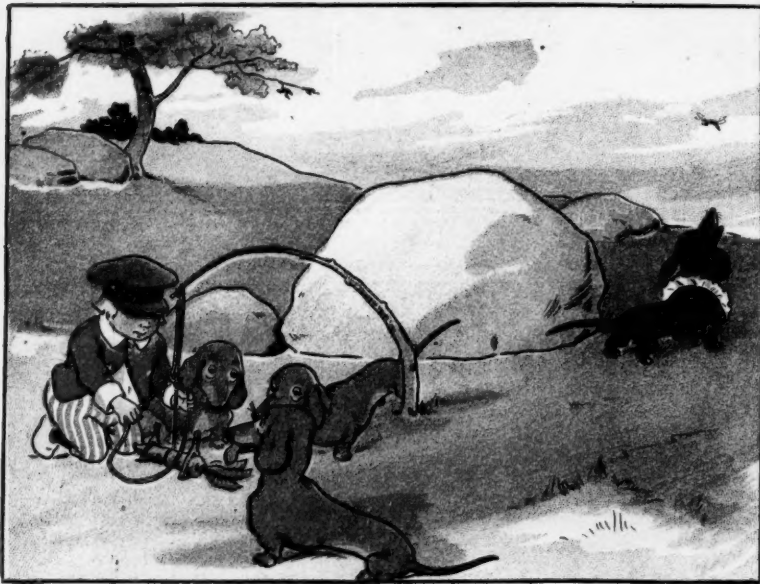
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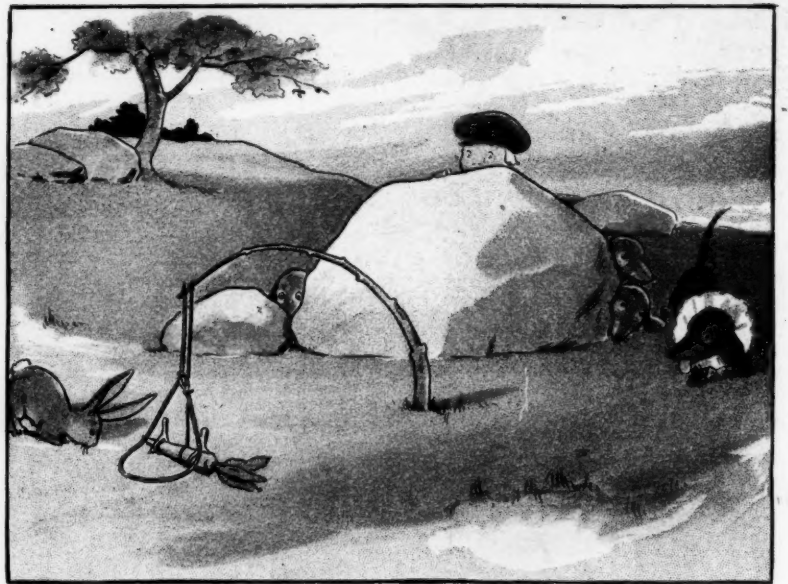
Iridescent!! Irresistible!!



PUCK



I.
"Now, chums," quoth Hans, "the trap at last is set.
Let's hide away and see what we shall get."



II.
"Egad, a luscious lunch," Herr Bunny cried,
As thoughtless Dackel sneaked around the side.



III.
"Stop thief!" roared Dackel, running like the deuce,
And showing plainly he'd not heard the noose.



IV.
Now, what a pretty mess—who would have thought
A bag of game like this would have been caught?



V.
And who'd have guessed there'd follow such a row,
With damages to Hans's beauteous brow!



VI.
"It seems to me," wept Dackel, "I've been lynched."
"Nay, nay," the other chums replied. "You're merely pinched."